

THE INFLUENCES OF HOME.

Parental responsibility is a phrase which has been repeated till it has become trite, and yet with how few is this responsibility an abiding consciousness! How few are alive to the fact that characters are formed and destinies are fixed at home! Here, from infancy, we are under the saving or destroying influences. Neglect is followed with results as decided as attention. Parents—whether they know it or not—whether they will it or not—are training their children for a life of virtue or a life of vice—for heaven or for hell—their conversation, their temper and conduct, as well as their teachings and admonitions, are producing on their children moral and religious effects. The history of every man furnishes proofs more or less striking, of this fact. The biographies of good men abound with this kind of testimony. It is stated as a reason for the moral excellence and great achievements of Matthew Henry, that "his mother looked well to her household, and taught them the ways of God betimes." The biographer of Richard Hooker remarks—"His mother laid the foundation of his future happiness, by instilling into his soul the seeds of piety, and this both by example and by precept." The moral and religious character of the late President of the United States, William Henry Harrison, which, all will allow, gave increased lustre to his fame and greatly heightened the regard cherished for his memory, was traced to parental influence. He said himself, that he could never forget the prayers his mother offered with him and for him in his early childhood.—Said one who for a long time was a decided and eminent infidel—"There was but one argument in favor of Christianity, which I did not deem myself able to confute. I could repel every other attack upon my infidel principles, but that." And what was it? "The pious example and prayers of a believing mother." "There was something in them," said he, "which I never could gain say or resist, and for them I had been an infidel still."—"When I was a little child," said a man venerable for years and wisdom, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, I was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came to me a voice in my heart—a voice that must be obeyed: 'O, do not sin against thy mother, my son, nor sin against thy God!'"

These are a few of the thousands of instances which might be gathered, illustrating the moral power and the permanent influence of early and domestic associations. And, perhaps, never was a period when circumstances combined to give such importance to the influence of home, as the present.

The young were never exposed to greater temptations from the world without. The publications of a reckless press, the fascinations of fashionable life, the popularity of those religious creeds which teach the fearful falsehood that a spiritual regeneration is unnecessary—these are some of the influences that require to be counteracted in the family. In many instances, alas, they are not; and the result is that the authority and character of home are disregarded, the morals of private character are corrupted, and the soul is left to be ruined by temptation and sin.

Christians should therefore do all in their power to render their homes lovely—lovely for virtue, piety and peace. We admire the language of one of our contemporaries. He says: "To the Christian home must we look for our chief defence against the evils which assail us. If these circles of affection can be preserved in their purity, we have reason to hope for our country and the world. Here the parent and the pastor co-operate, and society is moulded by these gentle and congenial influences, which, constant as the year, are diffused into its primary formations."

But the most important reliance of the pious members of a family is prayer. Among the facts which illustrate the power of prayer, the most striking on record are drawn from the domestic circle. The following cannot fail to leave their impression on the Christian reader.

"I was blessed with a mother," says Mr. Ward, the excellent missionary to India, "who frequently took my sister and me aside to pray with us; and often have I heard her pray with such earnestness, mingling her tears with her petitions, and throwing so much of the feelings of the mother into her prayers, that, young as I was, it went to my very heart." He adds: "I was lately informed by a pious and able minister, that, on the evening when the first permanent religious impressions were made on his mind, his pious mother was detained at home. But she spent the time devoted to public worship in secret prayer for the salvation of her son; and so fervent did she become in these intercessions, that, like our Lord in Gethsemane, she fell on her face, and remained in fervent supplication till the service had nearly closed. Her son, brought under the deepest impressions by the sermon of his father, went into a field after the service, and there prayed most fervently for himself. When he came home, the mother looked at her son with a manifest concern, anxious to discover whether her prayers had been heard, and whether her son had commenced the all-important inquiry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' In a few days the son acknowledged himself to be the subject of impressions of which none need be ashamed; impressions which lay the foundation of all excellence of character here, and of all blessedness hereafter."

"Two daughters of an irreligious father, while away from home, embraced religion. Soon after their return home, they were anxious to establish family worship. They affectionately requested their father to commence that duty. He replied that he saw no use in it. He had lived very well more than fifty years without prayer, and he could not be burdened with it now. They then asked permission to pray with the family themselves. Not thinking they would have confidence to do it, he assented to the proposition. The duties of the day being ended, and the hour for retiring to rest having arrived, the sisters drew forward the stand, placed on it the Bible—one read a chapter—

they both knelt—the other engaged in prayer. The father stood, and while the humble, fervent prayer of his daughter was ascending on devotion's wings to heaven, his knees began to tremble, his nerves, which had been gathering strength for half a century, could no longer support him—he also knelt, and then became prostrate on the floor. God heard their prayer, and directed their father's weeping eyes, (which had never shed tears of penitence before) to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."

FAITH MEASURED BY FRUIT.

The just live by faith. The possession of it is the only condition of salvation. In the want of the just it lay covered and concealed, shrouded from every human eye—seen only by God. The just man, himself, watching over it as his treasure, fearful lest it should prove dross, often doubts as to its presence in his soul. Though the judge knows of its existence, and will pardon on account of it, there must be a manifestation of its presence, that the possessor and the world may have proof of God's justice in pardoning the believer. And it has been so ordered that the evidence of faith is spread out before the world, and convinces whoever may sit in judgment upon it. The possessor never need doubt—the world never can mistake in this matter. The rule of evidence is simple enough for all to apply it—broad enough to cover the whole human race in all ages. "By their fruits ye shall know them." This rule has been given that it may be used. The close observer, laying this rule to the conduct of all, may decide who is and who is not among the professing godliness who so walk—with such unsteady and staggering steps—that they obliterate the line between the just and the unjust; that line which should be as broad and deep in this world as it will be in the next. Concerning such persons, one day exclaiming in zeal and the next in indifference, we may hesitate in deciding. But the rule varies not. It cannot be stretched—it may not be shortened. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Faith produces its fruits appropriate to every age. Generation after generation the church advances step by step, and its fruits are to be better in quality, increased in quantity. The vine-dresser demands more and more of the vine as the years roll round. But does every one year branch would put forth its full power in bearing fruit, the earth would be covered with richness, and all its inhabitants could feed and be satisfied. But, alas for the world, there is but little faith in the church, if we are to judge by their fruits.

Beside the more private manifestations of faith belonging to every period alike, the present age presents claims peculiar to itself—claims meeting us at every step of our pilgrimage, and pressed home upon the heart with more and more earnestness. Passing by every other, we look upon the missionary movement as the great work of the day. In the church or the world there is none to compare with it. Its end is the conquest of the whole earth—its means the preaching of the cross of Christ. To the world, both the end and the means are foolishness; but the wisdom of God and the power of God will be shown in the use of the one and the accomplishment of the other. The daughter of Zion shall yet arise and thresh, and with horn of iron, and hoof of brass, beat in pieces many people. With reference to this great work, "by their fruits ye shall know" churches and individuals. So with the Bible cause, and all the other channels now opened in which the benevolence of Christians may be poured forth upon the world. Day by day, the agents of the Savior knock at our door and present the claims he has upon us. How often is the only answer, "there are too many calls upon me." Too many calls! When we call upon Christ, morning, noon and night—in the day of adversity;—in the extremity of the soul's anguish;—in the hour of death—will he answer, "too many calls!" Shall we covenant with God, that he will no more call upon us, we will cease to call upon him?

How many of the vast congregation of avowed disciples of Christ, who believe that their fruits shall be known, have ever made a single sacrifice—have ever crucified a single indulgence, that they might aid on the work of him who sacrificed all for them? When the great reckoning comes, will there not be thousands who have given of their abundance to one, "of his poverty, giving all that he has?" Men speak with wonder of the resolves and practice of Cobb, the merchant. This is well, and his conduct was praiseworthy. But this very fact shows how far the church is from bearing the fruit a proper faith would produce. The faithful steward will not find his conscience satisfied by paying back to his Master one quarter, one third or one half of the funds lent him, but will ask how his Lord will allow him to keep for his own necessities. To this ground, we believe God will yet bring his people. When this point is reached—fruits being the measure of faith—there will be evidence of a faith such as God requires;—such as we are guilty in not possessing now;—such as the early church enjoyed—such a faith as will subdue kingdoms, work righteousness and obtain the promises.

CHRIST, THE BELIEVER'S FORERUNNER.

The word forerunner, as applied to Christ, occurs in the sixth chapter of Hebrews, but is found in no other passage of the Bible. It may be a figure borrowed from the file leader of a company of soldiers, detached from the regiment for some special expedition, perhaps to reconnoitre a conquered position, or to invest with ammunition a new fortress. In either case the file leader may be called a forerunner, and all who follow in his train may be considered as having the right of entrance with him. The passage to which we refer is as follows: "God, willing more abundantly to shew to the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things, (this oath and promise,) in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that which is unseen; where the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made a high priest forever, after the order of Melchizedek." The covenant of redemption, made between the Father and the Son in eternity, is here referred to, in which God promised to his Son, "thy seed will I establish forever." Paul refers to this promise in his epistle to Timothy, in these words: "In hope of eternal life, which God who cannot lie promised before the world began." This promise

must have been made to Christ in eternity, for none of the human race existed before the world began. It was therefore made to the Son in reference to his spiritual seed, even to all who should live to Christ as their only refuge from the condemnation of sin. Christ, then, after his resurrection from the dead, having accomplished his great work, ascended to heaven as the forerunner of all who should believe in him, taking possession of the glory which he promised to confer on the redeemed to the end of time.

"Whither the forerunner is for us entered," Allusion is here made to the ascension of Christ after his resurrection from the dead. This event was foreseen in prophetic vision, and uttered in the triumphs of faith. These are the words of the psalmist: "God has gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises. Sing praises unto our King, sing praises." His ascent was in the presence of the eleven apostles. After giving his commission to his disciples to go into all the world and preach the gospel, assuring them that all that they believed, Jesus lifted up his hands in their presence, and blessed them. And it came to pass while he blessed them, he was taken up from them, and a cloud received him out of their sight. Doubtless a multitude of angels accompanied him to the heaven of heavens. Then were fulfilled the words which he spake to his disciples: "Henceforth ye shall see the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." The acclamations of glory which he received on his entrance into heaven are unknown to mortals, and were undoubtedly beyond the power of imagination to conceive. Having accomplished the work for which he came into the world, he ever lives, a glorious High Priest and Advocate, on the right hand of the Father, exalted as Head over all things to the church. Can there be a doubt of the certain salvation of every believer who trusts in him? The faith and hope of the Christian have laid hold of Christ within the veil, and as assuredly as he lives to complete the redemption of the church, which is his body, the fulness of him who filleth all in all, will heaven resound with his praises to all eternity.

ROMISH PRIESTS AND BAPTIST MINISTERS.

Wherein do the young priests of popery and young Baptist ministers differ? In answering this question, I am not going into an examination of the differences which exist in their moral condition in the sight of God, but only the points of difference between their professions and practices. These are outward and visible; and are of course legitimate subjects of animadversion.

The fact which first presents itself is this:—the priest of popery claims nothing on the score of a divine call to the work of the ministry, only that he chose it for a profession, or that his parents or some other chose that profession for him.

Not so the Baptist. He claims to have been called of God, counted faithful, and by divine requirement put into the ministry. His motto is, "As we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing men, but God which trieth our hearts." He professes at least to have given himself to God and the ministry without reservation in reference to either time or place, and that, after much prayer and great searching of heart, often repeating the exclamation, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." So much for their professions now for their practices.

Says the Pope to one, or a dozen, or twenty of his young priests, Sons, you are now in Holy Orders, and my desire is, that you, A. & B. & C. & D. go to North America; your services are wanted at the remotest settlements in their forests, or on the prairies; there are orders to go to China, and others still to draw a bee line for Madagascar, or some region in the oriental world; and to another class he gives commission to go to certain islands in the South Seas. What next? No sooner do they hear the word, than every mother's son of them considers himself as fatherless and motherless as Melchizedek; and throwing himself and his destiny before the first fair wind, is off instantaneously, leaving at home to bury their dead. They resort each one to the post assigned him, firmly abiding at work silently and with untiring diligence, uttering no complaint. The result is, all the country is soon filled with the story of the increase of popes and popery.

Now what is the practice of young Baptist preachers in these respects? There is so little difference between those who have and those who have not a diploma, that few, very few, will suffer injustice by a general denunciation. Having no master but Jesus Christ to direct them, and feeling by far too little the force of either his example, or his command, their first inquiry generally is, "Where is the most eligible field for settlement?" And forgetting that the Master has given them the whole world, their survey is limited to a circle of perhaps some twenty or thirty miles. After waiting, and looking, and corresponding for some months, a vacancy offers; but then the doctrine of self-denial is, in many cases, lost in self-gratification! Such, for instance, as the state of society—the location of the place, its contiguity to other places of note, or ministers of celebrity—the wealth of the people—the style of the house of worship—the prospect of the desired quantum of leisure time for reading. They also wish to know whether

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die here, too; and he that seeks to save his life shall lose it. Where is your faith, my brother? Know you not that all places on earth are equidistant from heaven? The writer of this has lived at the west, and seen one minister, and the wife of another minister, laid low beneath the tall prairie grass; but the voice of the archangel and the trump of God will as surely find and raise their dust from the prairies of the West, as they will from amongst the rocks and hillsides of New England. They died, not because they were at the West, but because God's time had come; and here or there, every man is immortal till then; so fear not death.

"But," the young man replies again, "they have log-houses." So they have; and I should say to him, I have eaten in them of the best food I ever tasted, have slept in them most sweetly and securely, amidst the lightning and rain of summer, and snows of winter; and have enjoyed in them the most heaven-like seasons of family worship. I will say also of their log meeting-houses and log school-houses, that when met in them for worship, the God of salvation seemed determined to pour of his fulness upon preacher and people, in the inverse proportion to the lowliness of our place of worship; and but for the overruling providence of God, there should my days have ended.

I would, if possible, persuade younger ministers to "lift up their eyes," look further from them, trust in God, and boldly venture out into the open field of usefulness, showing to the world of gainers, as they can and will do as much, endure as much, and in the strength of God achieve as much for souls and their country, as the graceless minions of the Pope will endure, to destroy souls and enchain our country.

This article is long enough if good for any thing; if not good for any thing vastly too long. So here, rest the subject for the present. B.

For the Christian Reflector.

THE JEW.

"I can't despise a Jew," I can't aid the weight of my finger to the burden that God has laid on him.

JOHN'S LION.

O say not that the Jew is dead
To feelings which belong to man;
Or that sweet Mercy's wholly dead,
For him who lies beneath the lan.

Though 'mid the busy haunts of life,
He steals, unheeded and unknown,
Or meets, as best he may, the strife,
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Or meets, as best he may, the strife,
For him who lies beneath the lan.

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ing to respond to my calls, and I confidently anticipate the time, and that, too, soon, when each of my beloved folk will be the regular readers of a weekly religious newspaper. In obtaining among them the names of a score of subscribers, I feel as if I had done more for them, than though I had come three months gratuitously preaching. Come, brother ministers! let us take hold of this thing in earnest. A. P.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM LOUISIANA.

A citizen of a free State, now residing temporarily in Louisiana, sends an order for our paper, of the weekly perusal of which, with many other privileges, he says he has there been deprived. He alludes to slavery and its influences, with which he finds himself surrounded, and says: "I am a more thorough abolitionist than ever. It is truly astonishing that professed Christians can be engaged in this abominable system." He states the following fact in illustration of slave-holding Christians. "One of the principal members of a Baptist Church twenty miles distant, stopped a day with a family here, and every evening he would request the privilege of having family prayer (the family being irreligious) which was granted, and he frequently conversed on religious subjects, and was apparently quite a warm-hearted Christian. He told me that he was decidedly in favor of missions; and the salvation of the world was with him invariably a subject of prayer. But how, then, was I astonished to learn that he was the owner of from fifteen to twenty slaves, who do not know how to read, and for whose spiritual welfare he does not manifest the least concern."—"From what I have seen and heard," he continues, "I suppose this man to be a fair specimen of the leading Baptists of the more remote Southern States—to say nothing of the 'hard-shell' Baptists, who are called. Ministers and deacons hold slaves—buy and sell slaves, and live on their toil; and were it not for slaves, would be as likely to starve as the New England manufacturing girls of whose wonderful sufferings we hear so much in this latitude."

We make from this letter another extract, which shows that if the slaveholders are blind to the moral turpitude of the evil, they are apprised of the dangers threatening the institution. He says: "It is agreed on all hands, I think, among slaveholders, that slavery is nearly doomed. They think that the annexation of Texas is the last hope of slavery in the South; for, say they, 'if it is not annexed to the Union, slavery will be done away in it before twelve months, and then our slave property will not be worth a cent.'"

"A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP."

A polemical controversy is now in embryo, which is likely to set the great multitude of the people on the tiptoe of eager expectation. The circumstances of its origin are as follows: At the late public dinner of the New England Society in New York city, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, an Episcopal clergyman, was politely requested to respond to the toast—"The New England Clergy." He arose, and quoted a remark of Mr. Choate, the orator of the day, in the days of William and Mary, (an evident mistake of the reporter) there were those who founded a government without a king, and a church without a bishop. This was followed by a speech, in which he proceeded as follows: "Now, sir, notwithstanding this strong protest of approval to the sentiment, were this a proper occasion, should even the order of the day throw down his gauntlet, I would take it up and say THERE CANNOT BE A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP."

The report of this singular speech in the "Express," called forth a letter from the Rev. Dr. Potts, in which, having quoted the offensive paragraph, he remarks as follows: "I am quite unwilling to suppose that you have been correctly reported; because, although there are not wanting instances of the remorseless and arrogant exclusiveness implied in the above sentence, I cannot bring myself to believe that you would make so broad and unqualified a statement at any time, and least of all upon such an occasion. The statement, as a matter of course, is entirely untrue. There is something more than a question of relative advantage; it becomes a question of vitality, of existence itself. It is not saying; 'I believe that you would make no

not only
 Fennel,
 this was
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 as a rep-
 resentative
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 FENNELSON.

Poetry.

The Holy Land.

[In our last number, we accompanied a notice of the Holy Land, with an account of the journey of the Rev. Mr. F. A. Davis, who has just returned from a tour of inspection in the Holy Land, and who has just published a new edition of his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land." We give the stanzas translated in the Foreign Quarterly Review.]

I have not felt on the sea of sand,
The slumberous rocking of the desert bark,
Nor quenched my thirst at a well quivering hand;
By Hebron's well, beneath the palm tree dark;
Nor in the pilgrim's tent my mantle spread;
Nor laid me in the dust where Job had lain;
Nor, while the canvas murmured overhead,
Dreamed Jacob's mystic dreams again.

Of the world's pages, one is yet unread;
How the stars tremble in Chaldea's sky;
With what a sense of nothingness we tread;
How the heart beats when God appears to-night;
How the soul, beside some column lone,
How the grass speaks, the earth sends out her
moan,
And the breeze wafts that wanders over.

I have not heard in the tall cedar top,
The cries of nations east and west;
Nor seen from Lebanon the eagles drop
On Tyre's dead buried palaces below;
I have not laid my head upon the ground,
Where Tadmor's temples in the dust decay,
Nor started with my footfall's dreamy sound,
The waste where Memnon's dreary lay.

I have not stretched where Jordan's current flows,
Heard how the lamenting river weeps
With moans and cries sublimed o'er than those
Which with the mournful psalmist stirred its
deeps;
Nor felt the transports which the soul inspired
In the deep grot where he, the bard of kings,
Felt at the dead of night a hand of flame
Seize on the harp and sweep the strings.

I have not wandered o'er the plain whereon,
Beneath the olive, the Saviour wept;
Nor traced his tears the hallowed trees upon,
Which jealous angels have not all wept;
Nor in the garden watched through night sublime
Where, while the bloody sweat was undergone,
The echo of his sorrows and our crime
Rung in one listening ear alone.

Nor have I bent my forehead on the spot
Where his ascending footsteps pressed the clay,
Nor worn with lips devout the rock-hewn spot,
Where in his mother's tears embalmed he lay;
Nor smote my breast on that sad mountain head,
Where, even in death, conquering the powers
of air,
His arms, as to embrace our earth, he spread,
And bowed his head to bless it there!

For the Christian Reflector.

The Grave.

[TO THE BELIEVER.]
A cavern deep, of deepest gloom,
And horrors none can tell,
All lurid, where it issues out,
With flames and smoke of hell.
To it he comes, for come he must,
And shrieks with terrors sore,
Then enters in, since forced alone,
And straight is seen no more.

[TO THE BELIEVER.]

A lighted passage to the skies,
Where seraphs lead the way,
With music, such as seraphs pour,
To realms of endless day.
To it he comes,—how long to come,—
Earth's woes, and pains are past;
Then mingling in the waiting band,
Is safe at home at last.

Millbury, Jan. 1844. J. U.

The Family Circle.

A Family School.

BY REV. R. W. BAILEY.
I once found, living in a log cabin, a poor widow, with four sons and two daughters. One evening, when I was in the wall, my attention was attracted by a "Family Library," of a hundred volumes or more. Among them were Latin and Greek authors, mathematical treatises, and miscellaneous literature. I found that most of the books were read and understood. The history of the family, therefore, became a matter of curiosity and lively interest.

The mother, though of very limited education, was possessed of a strong mind and good common sense. She had with great care and labor, procured her Family Library, and cultivated in her children a taste for reading. The evenings were habitually spent at home under a mother's watchful eye. By the light of a pine knot, one read aloud, while the others were engaged in some productive labor. By the aid of this labor, one of the sons was at length enabled to acquire, who brought home every night all the knowledge he could acquire, and imparted it to his brothers and sisters, where it immediately became a common stock. By such a simple, natural process, the poor widow did, in effect, keep a Family School, giving her children judicious directions where she could give them nothing more, so that they soon outstripped many of greater intelligence, but of less industry. Their intelligences and good behavior soon attracted towards them the attention of others.

They began to command respect, and honor the mother that bore them, and educated them in habits of study and useful labor.

Such a school as this may be kept in every family in our land, and by every father and mother—yes, by every poor widow, though of limited education and slender means. She may give profitable direction to the mental and physical energies of her children. She may, at a comparatively small expense, avail herself, through the press, of the best labor of the best masters. Where the living teacher is not accessible, books may, to some extent, be substituted; and through these agencies, the mind may be its own teacher. Much has been said and done, and well said, and well done, to devise and execute a plan of universal education; to bring every district in the land within the reach and influence of a common school. Yet, behind all these efforts, may be found the disorganized and undervalued. Nature, wise in all her arrangements, has, in her most perfect self-executing laws, divided societies into families.

lies; and in each family has made provision for an elementary school for education. The parents are the teachers. Let them be well understood and diligently perform these duties, and the main part of the machinery of education is adjusted. The world is distinguished by the great law of nature. Teachers are supported in every district by the munificence of the Great King of the Universe and a law is put into execution which provides for a school in every house.

The Christian in Domestic Life.

Every Christian is placed amid domestic scenes and circles of friendship that will bring out his character. You have a child unlearned. That child will soon stand at the bar of God. Nay, that child shall tread the deep profound of the eternal world, and live for ever. Need we put to a Christian parent, to excite his interest, the question whether that child shall live for ever in heaven or hell? There is a feeling in a Christian bosom that anticipates this question, and the more it is the situation of that child to bring the Christian out and develop his character. You have a parent who has watched over your infancy, and been always kind; but that parent is not a Christian. Can there be any thing among moral men so fitted to call forth deep feeling in the youthful Christian bosom as the sight of the parent's venerable locks, and the feeling that that parent is going unlearned before the bar of God? You are a brother or a sister, or a friend. The leaden, slow-moving ages of eternity are before your uncovered friends; and what in all the universe is better fitted than this to call forth all the Christian within you to humble and holy effort to save those friends from the deep shades of eternal night?—*Albert Barnes.*

A Thought over a Cradle.

BY N. P. WILLIS.
I sadden when thou smilest to my smile,
Child of my love! I tremble to believe
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue,
The shadow of my heart will always pass—
A heart that, with its struggle with the world,
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
But in sweetest bloom, while the child
That slumbers in its breast smiles for heaven,
May take a blessing from the breath of love,
And bear the blight for ever.

I have wept
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
My life is bound up in her! But, O God!
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
Bears its sweet burden, and if Thou hast given
To nurture such as this, the sparrow flower,
To bring it up to unpolished thee,
Take Thou its love, I pray thee! Give it light,
Though, following the sun, it turns from me!
But, by the chord thou wrung, and by the light
Shining abroad, draw me to my child,
And link us close, O God, when near her be!
The Opal.

Dignity of Labor.

In early life David kept his father's sheep; he was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labor, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honorable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labor is man's natural condition, and most favorable to bodily health and mental vigor. Bishop Hall says, "Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow, or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing." From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent for from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. Jesus Christ himself, during the early part of his life, worked as a carpenter. His apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer that when God has any work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who by their previous occupation had acquired habits of industry, skill and perseverance; and that, in every department of society, they are the most honorable who earn their own living by their own labor.

Rev. T. Spencer.

Overlook Nothing.

Some men seem to go through the world with their eyes shut—others keep them always open. The latter at every step, are adding to their stock of knowledge and correcting and improving their judgment by experience and observations. They keep their mind ever awake, and active, and on the alert—gather instruction from every occurrence, watching for favorable opportunities, and seeking, if possible, to turn even their failures and mischances to their advantage. Such persons will rarely have occasion to say, "I have lost a day," or

"to weep o'er hours that flew."

More idly than the summer's wind.

They will make every event the occasion of improvement, and will find

"books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

To the attentive observer, even nature itself will appear a vast school, written all over, by the finger of God, with instructive, though sometimes mysterious, characters; while to the careless it will seem at best but a blank, or perhaps a scene of confusion, "without form or comeliness," possessing little to excite curiosity or admiration.

To the young, especially, would we recommend habits of close and careful observation. We would say to them, "OVERLOOK NOTHING." Do not despise the small things. Endeavor to turn the leisure time you may have; the money you may earn; or, in short, the privileges you may enjoy in or about the world, to the best possible account. Take care of the minutes and pence, and the hours and pounds will take care of themselves. He who learns to regard his leisure moments as valuable, and habitually squanders them trifles the small sums of money he may have, because the small will never be learned or rich. The secret of success is to be careful of little things.

"Spend no moment but in purchase of its worth, And what its worth, ask death beds—they can tell."

Moralist and Miscellaneous.

The Past and Present.* 1680, 1843.

A Sabbath sun had dawned upon the lowly roofs of a small town, and the inhabitants were quietly gathering to worship God. In the outskirts of the town, a wretched and afflicted band of humble worshippers were assembled in a temple as humble as themselves, with countenances grave but not sad. But for the strength of faith and power of prayer, they were a feeble flock. Some had, for conscience' sake, already been made familiar with the prison's gloomy walls, and but few Sabbaths had passed, since the doors which to-day they were permitted to enter, had been by civil authority closed against them. But though the outward was cheerless, they poured the fervent prayer and raised the cheerful song, and listened with reverential silence while one of their number, apparently a plain, unlettered man like the rest, expounded a passage of Scripture.

The simple service over, they repaired to the bank of a neighboring stream, and solemnly, in the name of the Triune God, administered the ordinance of baptism. For, though scorn, contempt and persecution it elicited, they held with firm grasp and unshaken trust the ordinances as they were delivered. Neither coumeny, nor imprisonment, nor death itself, could induce them to swerve a single hair's breadth from the path which they had chosen. That path ran parallel with the will of God, and why should they swerve from it? *

Years have passed away—the inhabitants of that humble village have long since sunk to their final resting place;—a crowded city has arisen on the spot. Where are the spiritual descendants of that lowly band? Has the iron hand of persecution extinguished the light that burned beneath that roof? The churches of this city are numerous; yet their state is wretched on every side; let us seek for the children of the persecuted.

A numerous congregation are gathered within the walls of a spacious edifice (and that only one of many which have been reared by people of the same faith,) the interior of which presents an air of elegance and refinement, with enough of simplicity to make it not an unbecoming place for the offering of spiritual worship.

The services are conducted by one, who surely prepares not himself for their performance in the fragments of time afforded by a secular employment; those words of chastened beauty savor of study and refinement; that rich flow of thought and variety of illustration tell of years spent in academic shades; and still it is pleasing to those that great truths for which the fathers contended are held with an unflinching grasp, and urged with eloquence and power.

The baptistal font is filled. The preacher announces that it is to be occupied by another administrator. Soon after the benediction, another congregation arrives at the already well-filled house. They crowd around the font, they fill the aisles as well as pews. Who are the strangers? Their leader appears by the side of the font. With reverential air he opens a book. He reads. It is the baptistal service of the Church of England—those majestic periods, massive as the walls of her own cathedrals, solemn as the "dim religious light" shed upon kneeling worshippers. Silence pervades the house—all hearts confess the power of this most impressive ordinance. But the walls, having ceased to echo with those responses to which they never echoed before, the pastor of the church, (the spiritual descendant of that despised and persecuted band) announces his intention to baptize. A simple service follows; a prayer—a word of exhortation—then the baptism—then a single verse is sung—strange contrast, indeed, to the lengthened and stately service that preceded.

The rite is finished. The pastor of the descendants of the anabaptists (name of terror and hatred) stands side by side with him upon whom the hands of bishops, claiming apostolic succession, have been laid, the one courteously fulfilling the beautiful precept of the apostle, the other regarding with benign aspect the unwelcome scene. Verily the fierce bigotry of other days has melted away, and Christians are beginning to discern, though faintly it may be, what is nobly beautiful, or primitively pure, in another's worship.

Two inquiries may be suggested by the above. Has the stream of piety deepened in the Baptist denomination, as well as widened? Are the many as devoutly pious as were the few? Is their love as ardent, their faith as real, their willingness to suffer, if need be, as great? If it be true that there is a decline from the piety of the fathers, far better were it for their children, that they now dwell in some humble tabernacle, even as of old; for what is all outward prosperity compared with spiritual good?

Again, while those of differing views are brought into nearer contact than formerly, and the hand of friendship is mutually proffered by Christians of opposing tenets, is it not well to remember that while general liberality is one of the noblest of Christian virtues, it is also one which may be easily counterfeited? It is possible that a show of candor and magnanimity may arise from an indifference to all truth, for he who believes nothing fervently may easily concede to others the privilege of believing what they choose. May the hearts of Christians flow together more and more, but God forbid that it be in any inferior principle that binds them in one; rather may it

* A sketch suggested by an occurrence which took place Sabbath, Dec. 23, in one of the Baptist churches in this city.

be nothing short of that overflowing love which the apostle has declared to be greater than faith and hope, and which, though all things else change, "never faileth."

Boston, Dec. 25th. ***

Human Life.

[The following lines were suggested on hearing a discourse from Rev. Dr. 47, "Remember how short thy time is," by Rev. E. C. Messenger, at the funeral of Mrs. May Reed, wife of Mr. John P. Reed, and member of the Baptist church in South Abington.]

Human life—'tis like a vapor,
Fast receding from our sight,
Faster than the burning taper,
That illumines the cheerless night.
Swifter than the fleeting shadow
That before our vision lies;
Like the meteor's transient brightness,
Only flashing ere it dies.

Earthly prospects soon are blighted,
Earthly comforts soon are flown;
Bleeding hearts that once united,
Now are left to grieve alone.

Can the weak and wounded spirit
Find a balm for every wound?
Can it perfect bliss ever be found?
Where no grief can e'er be found?

Yes, beyond this scene of anguish,
Lest the eye of faith ascend;
There are joys that e'er will languish,
Comforts that e'er will wend.

Yet how close to earthly pleasure
Do our worldly spirits cling;
How forgetful of that treasure
Which eternal life doth bring!

Gracious Saviour, ever lead us
By Thy spirit and Thy love;
With Thy manna ever feed us,
Till with Thee we reign above.

Jan. 1, 1844. REDNAEL.

Mexican Slavery.

Mr. Prescott, in his new work, gives the following account of the slave system in Mexico, previous to the Spanish conquest: "There were several descriptions of slaves: prisoners taken in war, who were almost always received for the dreadful doom of sacrifice; criminals, public debtors, persons who, from extreme poverty, resigned their freedom; and children who were sold by their own parents. In the last instance, usually occasioned by poverty, it was common for the parents, with the master's consent, to substitute others of their children successively, as they grew up, thus distributing the doom of slavery as equally as possible, among the different members of the family. The willingness of free-men to incur the penalties of this condition is explained by the mild form in which it existed. The contract of sale was executed in the presence of at least four witnesses. The services to be exacted were limited with great precision. The slave was allowed to have his own family, to hold property, and even own slaves. His children were free, no one could be born in slavery in Mexico; an honorable distinction, not known, I believe, in any civilized community, where slavery has been sanctioned. Slaves were not sold by their masters unless when driven to it by poverty. They were often liberated by them at their death, and sometimes, as there was no natural punishment founded on conduct of blood and race, were married. Yet a refractory or vicious slave might be let into the market, with a collar round his neck, which indicated his bad character, and there he publicly sold; and on a second sale, reserved for sacrifice."

Comm.

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(Near 2d St., between the Church and the Court House.)
Hats of all kinds made to order, and repaired. Hats of all kinds made to order, and repaired. Hats of all kinds made to order, and repaired.

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depend for sustenance. The agriculturists, therefore, should be the most numerous class. They are the foundation upon which all other laborers must rest.

It has sometimes been a matter of complaint by the farmers, that so many of our young men abandon agriculture, and engage in other employments. It may be truly a matter of regret, so far as the welfare of the young men is concerned, but the interests of agriculture are not impaired by this course. The profits of farming must depend mainly upon the price of produce, and this price will be regulated by the demand. Every one, therefore, who leaves agriculture for some other employment, by ceasing to be a producer, and becoming a consumer, increases the demand for agricultural products, which tends to enhance the price. How then is the farmer injured? He sustains no pecuniary loss whatever. The injury, if any is sustained, is done to the calling into which they enter; for a surplus is there created, which, to that calling, may prove detrimental."

Obituary.

Died, in Mansfield, of consumption, Dec. 15th, Mrs. SARAH H. WHITE, wife of Frank A. White, aged 28 years. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. White, of Mansfield, Mass. In early life she was impressed with the importance of religion, and was a member of the Baptist church in Mansfield. She was a devoted wife, and a mother of five children. She was a member of the Baptist church in Mansfield, and was a devoted wife, and a mother of five children. She was a member of the Baptist church in Mansfield, and was a devoted wife, and a mother of five children.

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